How to Get a Merman Heart

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/53863618.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter & Mischa Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Mischa Lecter
Additional Tags:	Will Graham Knows, Merman Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, but does he like him back ?, Angst and Feels, Mentioned Mischa Lecter, Sick Mischa Lecter, Blood and Gore, Cannibalism, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Sassy Will Graham, Sea Monsters, Suicidal Thoughts, Talking, No Smut, Murder, Will Graham is a Cannibal, Sort Of, Will Graham is Not Okay, Manipulative Hannibal Lecter, Alternate Universe - Fantasy
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Hannigram The Series
Stats:	Published: 2024-02-17 Words: 2,787 Chapters: 1/1

How to Get a Merman Heart

by Sunflower_reader

Summary

Will is a merman, Hannibal wants his heart.
That's it, that's the summary.

Notes

English is still not my first language, sorry for the mistakes, everything should make sense though

See the end of the work for more notes

The first step, as difficult as it sounds, was a pretty easy thing to do for Hannibal: Find a merman.

Usually staying in the deepest part of the sea, some may think they're difficult to attract, but after some research, he arrived to find a spot that people stay away from, saying that if you get too close, a merman (or a mermaid) will attract you with their beautiful voice and will make you disappear forever.

And so here he was, on an empty beach, with a body in his arms, blood dripping from the man's wound, turning the sand a dark shade of red. Mermen were, compared to mermaids—who become stronger by absorbing the lust of humans—attracted to humans themselves; their flesh was what they wanted. It made the job even easier for Hannibal, after all, killing was a part (if not the biggest) of his life.

He dropped the body in the water, took off his bloody gloves, and left, keeping a still-warm liver in a black plastic bag.

The next day, he was satisfied to see that the body disappeared, and started talking to the briny deep. "Did you happen to like the pig I offered you ? It was a present. I made sure it wasn't scared when I killed him."

After a long silence, disrupted by the brutal sounds of the waves crashing on the rocks on his left, he continued.

"I can bring you more, if you want me to. Do not worry, for I only want to satisfy my own curiosity about you. Mermen are quite difficult to encounter." He sighed deeply. Even if he seemed crazy, it was his only chance left, he needed that heart.

He sat slowly on the wet sand, not caring about ruining his suit, he chose an old one specifically because he knew he'd have to wait a long time. Staring into the distant cloudy sky, he hoped it wouldn't rain anytime soon, because if wet sand he could handle, rain would for sure shorten his time. He could not afford to get sick.

A few hours later, when the sun started to set, strange reflections appeared on the surface of the now almost dark sea, revealing a fish-like tail covered in scales painted in different shades of blue and sometimes green.

Still sitting, he waited for the merman (or was it a mermaid ?) to show up.

This time he didn't have to wait long, he turned his head slightly to discover a quite beautiful man sprawled on the sharp rocks. "What do you want ?" Although his voice was smooth and definitely charming, Hannibal hated the rudeness of the (mer)man.

Looking straight into his blue eyes, the creature seemed to focus on his neck, occasionally his chin, but never higher than that. "Not fond of eye contact are you ?"

The merman snorted slightly at that, before answering with a husky voice, "Eyes are distracting. Now answer me."

Moving slowly, Hannibal didn't break eye contact while he approached him. "I already told you, the only thing that I wish for is to learn about your species. In exchange, I have no problem in feeding you some fat pigs like the one I already gave you."

He stopped a few meters away from him, refusing to ruin his shoes too by stepping in the salty water. He wondered how long it would take him to gain his heart, he didn't have much time.

"How can I know you won't tell others about me and make them kill me ?" The half-fish, half-human creature asked, retracting a little.

"No one will ever believe me." The merman laughed softly at that, not denying it.

"What do you want to know, then?"

Hannibal looked away for a second, looking at the gray sky to think. "Will you tell me your name ?" He answered, gazing at the man again.

"Will."

He pursued his eyebrows at that, wondering why he didn't want to say it now. Amused by his reaction, the curled-haired man laughed abruptly.

"My name, It's Will." He added, smirking a little, reveling a few sharp teeth.

A few seconds passed, before Hannibal, not wanting to stop the conversation there, announced, in an annoyed voice, embarrassed to be made fun of, "Usually, after someone asks for your name, It's normal courtesy to ask it in return."

In which the younger man responded in a harsh voice, "I don't want to know it, I don't find you that interesting." Putting an end to the conversation, he retreated into the sea with a sharp movement of his tail.

"You will." Hannibal said darkly, before leaving.

The next day, he was back with another body in his arms, this time it was a woman who booked an appointment as an excuse to try to hit on him. Already tired from the session he had with Franklyn, he decided she would be a great gift for Will.

Slowly dropping the dead weight on the sand, he called the merman with a loud voice. "Will, food is being served." A few minutes passed, before the sound of waves became more aggressive. Finally, he revealed himself, slowly approaching, then violently taking her body away, moving her to the same place as yesterday. Not speaking, he ripped her open, blood slowly tainting the sea red, and took out her organs one by one with his sharp claws. After emptying her, he started taking apart her body, brutally plucking out her eyes, cutting her head open with a sharp rock, and taking a look inside, seemingly trying to decide if her brain would be tasteful or not.

Finally, he teared off her muscles, starting with the arms and ending with the soles of her feet. When his work was finished, he licked off the blood from his hands and pushed the now-disfigured body into the bloody sea.

He then looked up at Hannibal, an amused look on his face. "Do you like my design ?" He laughed loudly, expecting the man to run away in tears. Instead, the older man smiled fondly, and approached slowly after taking off his shoes and socks gracefully, damping his pants in the water.

"It was beautiful, you're beautiful."

And it was the truth, because even if the only thing he wanted from the merman was his heart, he couldn't help but being attracted to the bloody creature that was now even more handsome than when he first met him.

"My name is Hannibal Lecter, and I'm a psychiatrist. I enjoy killing people who don't deserve their bodies, and I enjoy eating them. Am I interesting enough for you now ?" he smirked slightly, watching him eat chew on a part of her lung.

"Do humans usually eat people they don't like ?" He then takes another bite, covering his mouth and cheeks with her dark blood by doing so.

"No. Tell me, Will, what is your life like ?"

Deep in thoughts, he looked down at his hands, a scowl covering his face. He then looked up, and Hannibal could swear his heart missed a beat when he finally arrived to look at his eyes properly.

"Before you, not that interesting, I stayed hidden in the darkness of the ocean, sometimes I traveled, but warm water is making my scales itchy, so I always end up returning here. It's where I was born, and It's probably where I'll die." He broke eye contact and continued eating silently.

"Don't you want to build a family ? I suppose mermen and mermaids have a love life." At that, Will snorted lightly, not answering instantly.

"Well, I doubt anyone would want to be my mate."

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, not really understanding why, but decided not to push. He understood how he felt, Will lived alone, on his own, while he lived in a crowd of people, yet both of them felt impossibly lonely. Done eating, Will cleaned himself with the now clear water, before turning to Hannibal again, holding his hand out for him to take. The blonde haired man gently took his hand and climbed up to the flat surface the merman was sat on, tail submerged.

They looked at each other silently, before Will started to praise his work, "The meat was even better than the first time, she had a very tender heart." Smiling softly, Hannibal brushed his hand on his cheek gently. "She's not the only one, yours is too." Will made a disgusted noise but didn't put his hand away, he leaned into the touch, closing his eyes slowly before speaking.

"Sometimes I wonder if my life would be different if I was a human, who knows, maybe I'd eat my own kind too." He laughed softly and looked at Hannibal again. "Maybe in another universe, you'll kill me because of how rude I am."

Hannibal pursed his lips, unsure of what to say, he retracted his hand to put it on his lap. "I know you wanted to kill me at first, I saw it in your eyes, your murder intent."

Will didn't add anything, the sound of the waves resonating in his ears.

"I don't want to kill you Will, not anymore." Hannibal sighed deeply, and looked away.

"Stop lying. Will you tell me the truth one day ?" The older man looked back and ran a hand in his brown locks, the merman reacted quickly and hold his wrist strongly, not letting go, but not pushing him away either.

"I'll ask again, what do you want from me, Hannibal."

Not answering, Hannibal stood up and walked away, whispering, "I'll see you tomorrow," before disappearing in the mist, leaving Will alone again.

The next day, Hannibal decided it was futile to cut ties with Will just because he knew his murder intent, time was passing, and he needed to do it fast.

So when he brought a body again, he was surprised to see that the merman was already on his rock, waiting for him. If Hannibal could, he would've taken a picture to recreate this scene at home. Such a beautiful creature deserved to be drawn at least a hundred times.

Taking his shoes, socks and suit again, this time, he brought the body to Will himself, holding out his hand to him. Once he was on the rock surface, he placed the body down. Will eyed it, before putting it closer to him.

"Shall we disassemble this pig together ?" The younger man nodded slowly, and started taking the man's shirt off, neatly cutting his chest open. He started putting his hand in it, before Hannibal stopped him.

"I must ask you to forgive me, I'm afraid he won't taste good. I smell fear in him; he will taste too bitter. I'll bring you a better one tomorrow."

Will didn't say anything, instead, he threw the man back into the sea, washing his hands to get rid of the dark red liquid. "I'm sick of this, Hannibal. Either you tell me what's going on or I'm leaving." The merman said coldly, looking at him furiously.

"What do you m-" He started before getting interrupted. "Don't act confused, Hannibal, don't fuck with me." Will added, before grabbing him by the collar. The cannibal holds his wrist gently, not breaking eye contact.

"Don't be rude, mylimasis. Before I tell you, I must ask, did you ever think about dying ?"

Slowly taking his hands away, Will opened his mouth before pausing for a second. "I did. Not in a sad way, though; life just seemed too boring to be enjoyable. So yes, I did think about killing myself sometimes, just to get rid of the monotony of life. That is, until you arrived in my life." He intertwined their fingers together.

At this, Hannibal repressed a flinch. The coldness of his fingers, the blue of his eyes, the mix of salt and blood in his scent—everything about Will appeased his senses. He didn't prepare himself enough to let go of him, and now, he was wondering if it was even possible.

"My little sister, Mischa, is sick. She's been sick for a very long time." He tightened his grip on the merman's fingers. "She's the only family I have left, and I love her very much." Will kept listening, not fearing eye contact anymore, he looked at his eyes with a strong curiosity.

"I tried everything to treat her—pills, doctors, even witches. Nothing worked. I found something that could save her, but It's so unusual that no one has ever tried it, except my uncle. He was a kind, yet eccentric man, he didn't go out often, so I'm not sure if he ever was in his right mind. Nevertheless, I trusted him with my life, and so, I trust him with Mischa's." He paused, gazed at the hands covered in salt that made him feel itchy yet didn't move, and put a kiss on them before adding,

"You will wish you've never met me if I tell you the truth, Will." The merman looked at him with a pained look and shook his head.

"My fate has already been decided since I met you. I was prepared to die when I first saw you, because you're going to kill me, aren't you, Hannibal ?" A tear rolled down his cheek, still not moving his fingers, he was afraid he would do something he'd regret if he did. Hannibal didn't move either, his face was stoic.

"It's the last time I'll ask you: What do you want from me ?" His eyes burned, he didn't even know he could cry. What did this human do to him ? Why did he have to speak to him ? **Why** ?

"I want your heart. So I can heal my sick sister, that's what I've always wanted." Panic reflected in his eyes, but he quickly calmed himself, grounded by the warmth of Hannibal's hand. Neither of them could hear the waves anymore, the silence surrounding them was deafening.

Will was never the kind of merman to believe in fate, yet at this precise moment, he felt like it was meant to happen from the start. It was how he was supposed to die, at the hands of the man he...loved ? Did he love Hannibal ? Did he love him ? No, he didn't think so. Would he still do everything for him and his sister, even if he only knew her name ? Yes, he would. He

wasn't sure how or when he had gotten so emotionally attached to the man, but there was no turning back.

Looking at his tail, his beautiful tail covered in long, sharp scales, he plucked one of them and gave it to Hannibal.

"Usually, when you decide to spend the rest of your life with someone until you die, you give them one of your scales as a promise to make them happy. I could never live without you. You made it impossible for me to ignore your request. I'll give you my heart, Hannibal." He put the blue scale in his palm and stared at his killer before taking his hand in his.

"I'll show you how to kill a merman, our flesh is a lot stronger than yours. You're free to have whatever you want from me, you gave my life meaning, this is your reward. This is our design." Both smiled fondly at each other, before Will abruptly thrust his own scale into his chest, careful not to hurt his organ. He put the scale away and guided Hannibal's hand toward his heart with a grunt. They were both smiling, not a once of sadness showing, despite the tears of pain from the merman.

Then he felt it, finally, he had the heart of a merman in his hand. He palmed it, it desperately tried to keep up, pulsing fervently. Their foreheads now touching, they could both feel each other's breath; the feeling almost made Hannibal aroused. He inhaled for the last time the scent of the merman before sharply taking out the bloody organ from his chest.

A pained cry escaped from his mouth, he lost his balance, and his body fell into the sea, painting it red one last time. Hannibal stared at Will, before hugging his heart close to him. A salty tear brought him back to reality, he had to get back to his sister, and so he did.

Will's still warm heart and scale in a black plastic bag, a body floating away, the first and last time he left this cloudy beach felt too familiar, only this time, it rained. It's good that he didn't have to wait anymore.

Second and last step : Make the merman fall in love you. **Completed** (but at what cost ?)

End Notes

Did Hannibal save Mischa ? Was his uncle just crazy ? You decide guys

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!